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thought and structure become one to the poetic vision, though they be separated for a moment by a critical analysis, in order that they be the better comprehended. Thus, the vision of the bard is justified and fulfilled in the reason of the critic, not by tearing the poem to peices, but by uniting it in a new bond of harmony.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

SENTENCES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTION BY W. E. CHANNING.

Child of a day, thou knowest not
 The tears that overflow thine urn,
 The gushing eyes that read thy lot;
 Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
 And why the wish? the pure and blest
 Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
 O peaceful night! O envied rest!
 Thou wilt not ever see her weep.—*Landor.*

I am more
 A man than others, therefore I dare more
 And suffer more. Such is humanity;
 I cannot halve it. Superficial men
 Have no absorbing passions; shallow seas
 Are void of whirlpools.—*I bid.*

Ask me not, a voice severe
 Tells me, for it gives me pain;
 Peace! the hour, too sure, is near
 When I cannot ask again.—*I bid.*

Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound,
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires.—*I bid.*

Dull falls the mallet with long labor fringed.—*I bid.*

On festal days,
 When lay the dry and outcast arbutus
 On the fane-step, and the first privet-flowers
 Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine.—*Ibid.*

Ascribing absolute perfection to the author and ruler of so clumsily made and capriciously governed a planet as this.—*J. S. Mill.*

The author of the sermon on the mount is assuredly a far more benignant being than the author of nature.—*Ibid.*

It is no doubt possible to worship with the intensest devotion either deity—that of nature, or of the gospel—without any perversion of the moral sentiments. This simple and innocent faith can only, as I have said, co-exist with a torpid and inactive state of the speculative faculties.—*Ibid.*

After a time, they would have had enough of existence, and would gladly lie down and take their eternal rest. In a happier condition of human life, not annihilation but immortality must be the burdensome idea.—*Ibid.*

She [Lady Jersey] has a retentive memory and a restless mind, together with a *sort of intellectual arrangement*, with which she appears to have been gifted by nature.—*Greville.*

The Speaker said, “the only *lucid interval* Witherell had was between his waistcoat and his breeches.” When he speaks he unbuttons his braces, and in his vehement action his breeches fall down and his waistcoat runs up, so that there is a great interregnum.—*Ibid.*

I had hardly any acquaintance with Lord Londonderry, and am therefore not in the slightest degree affected by his death.—*Ibid.*

She [Lady Jersey] is deficient in passion and softness, which constitute the great charm in women.—*Ibid.*

There were five hundred pocket-books, and in every one money. He [George Fourth] had *never given away nor parted with anything*; prodigious quantity of hair, women’s hair, of all colors and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them; heaps of women’s gloves, *gages d’amour* he had got at balls.—*Ibid.*

Went to Oatlands [Duke of York’s] on Saturday; we played at whist till four in the morning! On Sunday we amused ourselves with shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. There are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive. The Duchess seldom goes to bed, or only for an hour or two; she sleeps dressed upon a couch. She walks out very late

at night, or rather early in the morning, and she always sleeps with open windows. She dresses and breakfasts at three o'clock P. M., afterward walks out with all her dogs [forty in number], and seldom appears before dinner-time [8 P. M.].—*Ibid.*

The Grecian mound, the Roman urn,
Are silent when we call,
Yet still the purple grapes return
And cluster on the wall.

Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters.—*Clough.*

Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,
Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted impetuous waters.—*Ibid.*

"You have read a great deal, you have thought very little, and you know—nothing."—*Dr. Parr* [to *Barker*].

"Yes, Jamie, he [O'Coigly] was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate."—*Ibid.* [to *Mackintosh*].

The second-best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best.—*Hippocrates.*

Some connivances are secured before they are sought for. Cowardice is the old fawner upon felony. The blood of the law is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who holds the poniard comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge.—*Victor Hugo.*

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute in quarrels, as in all else. Dispute once, you are very sure to dispute again, whether with the man you hate or the woman you love.—*Ouida.*

In thy holiday of life,
Use occasion, work and climb;
The sepulchre has overmuch
Unprofitable time.—*Emerson.*

There is nothing like patience on a bad road in a dark and stormy night. No morning's sun lasts a whole day.—*Atkinson.*

The smile on an infant's cheek, seen oftenest when asleep, is a consequence of some nervous excitement. One observes the same thing on the face of a dying person, the passing effect of some internal irritation that has survived the conscious state, and which is left as a smile on the features of the corpse after death.—*Maudsley.*

A method of nutrition in which the acting parts are, at certain periods, raised, with a time-regulated progress, to a state of instability of compo-

sition, from which they then decline, and in doing this discharge nerve-force.—*Sir James Paget* [*rhythmical organic movement*].

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves.—*Crowe* [*Lewesdon Hill*].

The day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time, and bowed by Woe.—*Landor*.

More mutable than wind-worn leaves are we;
Yea, lower are we than the dust's estate;
The very dust is as it was before.—*Ibid*.

I loved thee by the streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more;
For never is the heart so true,
As bidding what we love adieu.—*Ibid*.

We promise according to hope, and we keep our promises according to fear.—*Rochefoucauld*.

Self-interest, if it makes some men blind, affords a light to others.—*Ibid*.

We are neither so happy nor so wretched as we imagine.—*Ibid*.

Every one praises his heart, and no one his head.—*Ibid*.

There are excellent marriages, but no delicious ones.—*Ibid*.

If we can resist our passions, it is due to their weakness, not to our strength.—*Ibid*.

We are sometimes as unlike ourselves as we are commonly to others.—*Ibid*.

Nothing is more in the way of acting naturally than the wish to appear so.—*Ibid*.

The most glutinously indefinite minds inclose some hard grains of habit.—*George Eliot* [*Mrs. Lewes*].

That controlled self-consciousness of manner which is the expensive substitute for simplicity.—*Ibid*.

Manners must be very marked indeed before they cease to be interpreted by preconceptions, either confident or distrustful.—*Ibid*.

A kind Providence furnishes the limpest personality with a little gum or starch in the form of tradition.—*Ibid*.

A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine.—*Ibid.*

What a voice! It was like the voice of a soul that had once lived in an Æolian harp.—*Ibid.*

These severe classical nudities and smirking Renaissance-Corregiosities were painfully inexplicable, staring into the midst of her Puritanic conceptions.—*Ibid.*

She filled up all blanks with unmanifested perfections, interpreting him as she interpreted the works of Providence.—*Ibid.*

"You clever young men must guard against indolence. I was too indolent, you know; else I might have been anywhere at one time."—*Ibid.*

What effective shapes may be disguised in helpless embryos! In fact, the world is full of hopeful analogies and handsome, dubious eggs, called possibilities.—*Ibid.*

Plain women he regarded as he did the other severe facts of life, to be faced with philosophy and investigated by science.—*Ibid.*

A piece of tapestry over a door showed a blue-green wold with a pale stag in it. The tables and chairs were thin-legged and easy to upset. It was a room where one might fancy the ghost of a tight-laced lady visiting the scene of her embroidery.—*Ibid.*

Pride only helps to be generous; it never makes us so, any more than vanity will force us to be witty.—*Ibid.*

I have not the art of putting my impressions about books into words. I can not give my reasons for like or dislike.—*Hawthorne.*

The downy buds,
Those fairy cradles of the flowers.—*Street.*
The quail's quick whistle echoed clear,
From the red buckwheat's stubble near.—*Ibid.*

The butterfly,
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,
Fans his rich velvet-form.—*Ibid.*

Misty shade
Films the deep hollows, misty sunshine glows
On the round hills. Across the far-off wood
The atmosphere is shaded like thin smoke,
Until we fancy a dim swarm of motes
Is glimmering there and dancing. We approach,
And tread the dark recesses; withered leaves
Spread a thick, crackling mantle; countless trunks

Lead on the eye in labyrinths, till lost

Within a dizzy maze, and overhead

A vast and interlacing roof of green.—*Ibid.*

The quick flicker like a checkered speck.—*Ibid.*

The slow locust opens to the sun

Its pea-bloom shapes of blossoms.—*Ibid.*

HEGEL'S DIALECTIC METHOD—A PRIZE ESSAY.

[We print the revised programme of the prize essay on Hegel's Method offered by the Berlin Philosophical Society. (The former announcement will be found in our issue for January, 1882.) It will be seen that the time for receiving the essays is extended until 1887, and the prize nearly doubled.—Ed.]

The Berlin Philosophical Society, founded in 1843, by the disciples of Hegel, but now numbering among its members men of the most various philosophical creeds, has applied the surplus of funds recently collected for a monument in memory of Hegel to the foundation of a Hegel Institute, the object of which is the furtherance of philosophical research. The society has just issued the following prize theme: "A critical and historical account of the dialectical method of Hegel."

No. 1. The development of Hegel's Method, as shown in his writings. How his dialectic is related to his logic and metaphysics.

No. 2. Comparison of Hegel's Method with the methods of his predecessors. Is his method derived from them?

No. 3. The significance and value of Hegel's Method. Does it fulfil the requirements of a philosophical method or not?

The treatises may be in German, French, English, or Italian. They must be sent in by December 31, 1886, either to Professor Dr. Lasson (Friedenau bei Berlin, Saarstr. 3), or to Stadtgerichtsrath a. D. Meineke (Kurfuersten Strasse, 56, W. Berlin).

Each essay must be headed by a motto and accompanied with a sealed envelope containing the motto and the name of the writer and his address. The manuscript of the successful essay will remain the property of the society, the right of publication remaining with the author.

The prize of 750 "Reichsmark" (about 180 dollars in our money) will be paid on the first of July, 1887.

A copy of the programme can be obtained, on application, from the librarian of the University of Berlin, Dr. F. Ascherson.

(Dated) Berlin, June 28, 1881. (Signed by the two secretaries above mentioned.)